THE MONEYLESS MAN.

Is there no secret place on the face of the earth,
Where charity dwelleth, where virtue hath birth?
Where bosoms in mercy and kindness shall heave,
And the poor and the wretched shall "ask and receive?"
Is there no place on earth where a knock from the poor
Will bring a kind angel to open the door?
Ah! search the wide world wherever you can,
There is no open door for a moneyless man!

Go, look in you hall, where the chandelier's light
Drives off with its splendor the darkness of night,
Where the rich hanging velvet, in shadowy fold,
Sweeps gracefully down with its trimming of gold,
And the mirrors of silver take up and renew,
In long ligated vistals, the wildering view—
Go there in your patches, and find if you can,
A welcoming smile for the moneyless man!

Go, look in you church of the cloud-reaching spire,
Which gives back to the sun his same look of red fire,
Where the arches and columns are gorgeous within,
And the walls seem as pure as a soul without sin:
Go down the long aisle—see the rich and the great,
In the pomp and the pride of their worldly estate—
Walk down in your patches, and find, if you can,
Who opens a pew to a moneyless man!

Go, look to your judge in his dark flowing gown,
With the scales wherein law weigheth equity down,
Where he frowns on the weak and smiles on the strong,
And punishes right, while he justifies wrong;
Here the jurors their lips on the Bible have laid,
To render a verdict they've already made;
Go there, in the Court room, and find, if you can,
Any law for the cause of a moneyless man!

Go, look in the banks where Mammon has told
His hundreds and thousands of silver and gold;
Where safe from the hand of the starving and poor,
Lies pile upon pile of the glittering ore;
Walk up to the counter—and there you may stay
Till your limbs grow old and your hair turns gray,
And you'll find at the banks no one of the clan
With money to loan to a moneyless man!

Then go to your hovel; no raven has fed
The wife who as suffered too long for her bread;
Kneel down by the pallet and kiss the death frost
From the lips of the angel your poverty lost;
Then turn in your agony upward to God,
And bless, while it smites you, the chastening rod;
And you'll find at the end of your little life's span,
There's a welcome above for a moneyless man!

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

My courage strengthened as I gazed;
The words came rushing to my lips,
The old, old tale of love was told.
She glanced down at her finger tips.

And then she spoke in accents low,
While blushes red suffused her cheek,
"It may be wrong for me to ask,
But how much do you get a week?"
—*Boston Star.*

THE PARSEE.

BY REV. F. H. MARVIN.

Alone in prayer the Parsee knelt
The golden sun before,
"O source of endless life," he cried,
"The only I adore.

The sun dropped down in the glowing West,
And evening veiled the sky;
He wept, "I was deceived—the light
Of God can never die."

To silver moon and starry host
The Parsee raised his heart;
"Ye are the gods of heaven and earth,
Your light shall ne'er depart."

The morning red the stars dissolved,
The moon sank out of sight,
And day came softly forth to fill
The spaces of the night.

These are not gods; they wax and wane;
They are but masks of Thee;
They hide the beauty of that face
No mortal eye may see."
—*Home Journal.*

Weed and Windin' Blades.

Young Henry Hayloid experienced much difficulty in finding, in his somewhat contracted sphere of operation, a vocation which would yield a pleasurable, not to say remunerative, return. One day, after having experimented with quite a number of "callings," including a mild attempt in the pulpit, he heard that a school teacher was greatly needed in a far removed district, known as "Panter Walk." He had begun the study of veterinary surgeon, but not being very much taken with the profession, he decided to go at once to "Panter Walk" and begin the much-needed course of instruction. Arriving, he found a small log school house sparsely supplied with benches. The farmers whom he consulted, agreed that a school was the very thing they needed, but that no one could expect much "of a showin' till airter the crops was laid by." This was certainly discouraging, but as young Hayloid had nothing else in view, he decided to remain and take his chances. When school opened, only two "scholars" made their appearance, the family property of old Jim Socklaster. One was a "gangling" boy, whose awkward form and recklessness of gait, had won the appellation of "Windin' Blades." The girl, tall and with a disposition to romp, was rather good-looking, and wore around her light hair a blue ribbon—silken streak of civilization.

"And what is your name?" asked the teacher.

"They call me Weed, sir," she said.

"Why did they give you such a name?"

"'Cause she growed so fast," interposed Windin' Blades.

As no other pupil came, Hayloid decided to go ahead regardless of numbers. It was with some trouble that the two students could be classified. Windin' Blades had only one book, a tattered copy of "Paradise Lost," of which he could not read a line, and Weed had brought a book treating of agriculture among the ancient Egyptians.

"Where did you get these books?" asked the teacher.

"A tramp gave 'em to us for a jug of buttermilk," replied Windin' Blades.

"Can your father read?"

"He can read little books, but he can't read one big as this."

"Your mother can doubtless read?" turning to the girl.

"She can't read now, but she uster could."

"Why can't she read now?"

"Because the book she learned to read is dun lost. There comes pap."

Old man Stocklaster entered, nodded and said:

"Mornin' to you, mornin', sir. Got sort o' slim prospeck."

"Yes, the children don't seem to be coming very rapidly."

Old Stocklaster was not disappointed at the "slim prospeck." In fact he was rather pleased to note what encouragement, above his neighbors, he was extending to the cause of education.

"I reckin you're goin' right on with the undertakin', jes' the same as if you had a whole passel o' scholars?"

"Yes," replied Hayloid, "I came here to teach, and so long as I can secure the attendance of a single pupil I shall continue to make my best efforts in behalf of education."

"Glad to know it. You're the only right sort o' teacher we've had in the community for some time."

"By the way, Mr. Stocklaster, these books with which your children have been provided are by no means appropriate."

"What's tha matter with 'em?"

"One treats of agriculture several thousand years ago, telling of wooden plows and ox threshing machines; the other is a book which only advanced pupils can read and understand."

"Wall, the feller we got them of said they was good books, and he is a older man than you are. Better let 'em worry along with them books awhile, and arter they've dun learnt all there is in 'em why then I'll git some better ones. Good day. Wush you mighty well with your undertakin'."

Fortunately, Hayloid had brought a few books for beginners. He had no trouble in effecting an exchange, for the bright pictures settled at once the question of their worth. Windin' Blades and Weed had scarcely explored the mysteries of the alphabet, but they proved to be attentive and evinced such a desire to learn, that Hayloid did not regret having begun school with "such slim prospecks."

The teacher boarded in a quiet family, where the sunlight that a little child brings was unknown, where a deaf old man and a knitting old woman sat down nightly to the exploration of their own thoughts. All that Hayloid could get out of the old man was "hah"—with one hand behind his ear—and as the old lady seemed to drop a stitch every time he addressed her, she was allowed to pursue an uninterrupted course of self-investigation.

Windin' Blades and Weed, day after day, continued to be the only pupils. Corn was "laid by," and the farmers' boys had no particular work to perform, yet the census of the school remained the same. To watch the development of Weed's mind was an interesting study. She was remarkably bright and learned with a readiness which surprised Hayloid. Windin' Blades, after all, was inclined to be idle. He had a passion for carrying grasshoppers in his pockets. These insects occupied his entire time on the playground, and at last, after much experiment, he succeeded in harnessing them to an diminutive wagon which he had constructed. The teacher remonstrated with him concerning this worthless absorption, and once he spoke to his father, but the old man instead of being displeased, smiled until the tobacco spit ran from the corners of his mouth."

"Let him go," he replied. "I was sorter o' that turn myself when I was a boy, an' daddy 'lowed that it wouldn't amount to nothin' but arter awhile I turned out to be the best plow hand in the country."

Winter came, and still no other pupils appeared. By the bright fire, while the snowstorm raged outside, Hayloid found himself better contented than he had ever been before, and his interest, instead of growing less, became greater. The teacher had at first decided that he would not beg for pupils, and on no occasion did he request the farmers to send their children. He was treated politely, yet he could see that the people of the neighborhood cared nothing for his society, but as this indifference was mutual, he spent very little time in regret.

One day Windin' Blades failed to come, but Weed, with her face all aglow with healthful exercise, came as usual. When she had hung up her homespun cloak and shaken the snow from her bright hair, Hayloid asked:

"Where is your brother?"

"He ain't here."

"I see he's not here, but where is he?"

"At home."

"Why didn't he come?"

"Had to go to mill."

"Weed, don't you think that you are learning very rapidly?"

"Yes, sir."

"I don't think that I ever saw any one make such rapid progress. You have a fine order of mind, and I hope that after I leave the neighborhood you will still pursue your studies."

"You are not thinking of leaving, are you?" looking up with eyes in which lurked traces of sadness,

"I shall not leave immediately, but in justice to myself I cannot remain here much longer."

She twisted the flax home-made button on her dress, and gazed fixedly at the roaring logs.

"Do you want me to stay here!" he asked.

"Yes," twisting the button.

"But you know that I cannot stay here always."

"No," she replied, with brightening eyes, "we can't stay anywhere always. We have to die sometime?"

"Why, Weed you are running ahead of your studies. You have jumped from the fourth reader to an advanced book of philosophy."

She did not thoroughly comprehend his meaning, but she laughed and bestowed on him a glance which forever remained a pleasant memory.

"Do you, so fresh and vigorous, with such boom of perfect life ever think of dying?"

"Yes," she replied, sadly, "my little sister was the picture of life, with more bloom than I have and with a face so bright that everybody wanted to kiss it, but she died. When they said that she could not get well I did not believe them, but one morning when I went to the bed and found the bloom all gone, I knew that they had told me the truth. Now I know that anybody can die and that the bloom does not mean life but many times means death."

He looked at her in surprise. He had taken great pains to correct her language, and had from day to day noted her advancement; yet he was not prepared for the expression of such views, common enough with older people, but rare with one so young.

"You are right, Weed. The rose may be bright to-day, but to-night a frost may kill it; but we have wandered from our subject. What was I trying to tell you any way?"

"About your going to leave."

"You know that I cannot remain here much longer. Very few men would have staid this long, but I, having nothing to do—"

"And did you stay here because you had nothing to do?"

"I don't exactly mean that. I mean that I could not have remained had other business engagements pressed me."

"But you would not have come here had other engagements pressed you."

"You are devoloping tact as well as philosophy. Now, to tell you the truth, after staying here three days no business could have called me away. Only one person could have influenced me to leave."

"You, and you alone."

"How could I have had any influence?"

"You possess an unconscious influence that is stronger than iron. If you had said you did not wish me to remain I should have gone away. I have studied your face closely, and have ever seen, or fancied I saw, kindness and welcome in your eyes."

"Isn't it time to take in school, Mr. Hayloid?"

"No, there is time for nothing but to tell you of my deep love for you. Weed, you are the cause of my remaining here. I love you with a heart that was never before moved."

She had twisted off the button, and sat changing it from one hand to the other.

"No woman, no matter how cultivated, could win my love from you."

"Do you know why I learned so fast?" she asked, dropping the button and clasping her hands.

"Because you have a bright mind."

"No, because I love you."

He caught her in his arms and was pressing her lips when Windin' Blades burst into the room.

"Thar now," he said, stopping in amazement. "Thar now, Mr. Hayloid. Don't say nothin' more to me 'bout kitchin' grasshoppers. I'd rather be kotch puttin' gear on grasshoppers than to be kotch puttin' my arms 'round a gal. Whoop!" and Windin' Blades, in celebration of his conquest, seized a bench leg and belabored the writing table.

"I'm goin' to tell pa on you, sir," said the girl.

"I'm going to tell him on yon," again whooping and striking the table.

"I don't see how anybody can study when you're keeping up such a noise."

"Study, har yah, whoop!" and he raised a deafening din. "Wall," when he had sufficiently commemorated his discovery, "believe I'll go home if thar ain't goin' to be no school," and before a protest could be made Windin' Blades had leaped from the door and disappeared.

"That was unfortunate," said Hayloid, "and I would give almost anything if it could be recalled."

"Are you sorry that you told me?"

"Oh, no."

"Then you are sorry that—that you tried to kiss me?"

"No; for if some one had stepped in shot me I should not have regretted my action."

"And you do love me as truly as you say you do?"

"Deeper than I can express, and I want you to be my wife."

"Don't you think that I am too much of a child?"

"No, you are quite a woman. We can study together, and your bright mind can blossom into a flower of brilliance and beauty."

They were standing in front of the fire.

"I will be your wife."

He took her in his arms, and was in the act of kissing her, when old man Socklaster stepped into the room.

"Hello! Wall, by jinks, this is a funny sort o' school."

Hayloid stammered an unintelligible reply.

"Sort o' kissin' school, an' I must say that if Weed has larnt as fast in that ar branch as she has in her books, she's a mighty-ap' scholar. Can't you sorter 'splain yourself, mister?"

"There is not much of an explanation to make, old gentleman," replied the teacher. "I love your daughter and she loves me. I have asked her to be my wife, and she has—"

"Told him that I was too young," interposed the blushing girl.

"Wall," said the old man in expletive, for he could really say nothing and only said "wall" to gain time. "Wall, I reckon that a gal what takes so nachul to kissin' ain't much to young to git married."

"Did you meet Windin' Blades," asked the girl.

"No, I hain't seed him sense he left home. Here he is now."

"Pap, what you reckon?"

"I reckon a good deal."

"Wall, Mr. Hayloid has been er kissin' of Weed."

"Wall, he's got a right to kiss Weed. He's goin' ter be yer brother."

"How?"

"By marryin' Weed. Wall, I reckon the school 'ud better break up fer terday. Come an' we'll all go home. Mur will be glad to hear of the 'gagement, fur she's mightily pleased with Weed's larnin'. A woman can go through life er larnin', but arter a boy gets to be bout twenty-one he thinks he knows it all and don't larn no more."

The old lady was indeed pleased to hear of the engagement, and she "tuck such a likin' ter the young man" that she opened the pear preserves she had been saving for the preacher.

At night, while in a contented half circle they sat by the fire Hayloid remarked:

"It has ever been a mystery to me why I did not have more pupils. I was told that the people of this neighborhood wanted a school."

The old man laughed.

"Day after day," continued the teacher, "I expected to receive additional encouragement, but as you know I was disappointed. What kind of people have you in this country, anyhow?"

"Fust-rate folks."

"They evidently do not care to see their children educated."

"Oh, yas, they're mighty keen for edycation."

"Then they certainly have a poor opinion of my ability as a teacher."

"Ah, no; they think you're a mighty smart man."

"Well then confound it, why didn't they send their children to school."

"I'm soon ter be yer daddy-in-law, ain't I?"

"Yes."

"An' yer won't think hard o' the ole man if he tells yer a joke."

"Of course not."

"When, it was knowed that yer was comin' here, I went 'roun' an' told all the folks thet yer owed me money an' wan't goin' to teach no chillun but mine. They would er sent off an' got another teacher, but you see I rented the school-house fur a year. Now," and the old man laughed heartily, "I'll go aroun' an' explain. I'm putty well fixed, thank yer, an' what I've got is yourn."

Henry and Weed now conduct one of the most flourishing schools in Arkansaw, and old man Socklaster, it is said, has learned to write his own name.

The coigne of vantage—A $20 gold piece.—*Philadelphia Call.*

CONGRESSIONAL ORATORY.

Specimens of Rhetoric Which Would Make Webster Turn Green with Envy.

Those who have neglected to subscribe for that well-printed and consistent journal, The *Congressional Record*, are missing a great many good things nowadays, says: The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. As a rule, The *Record* is not a very thrilling periodical, nor is it generally admired on account of its humor; but for the last few weeks it has been decidedly amusing. The orators have been getting in their work, and it is impossible to read the report of their speeches, some of them, at least, without a feeling that life is not, after all, a weariness and a mockery when it is still our privilege to get so much enjoyment out of current statesmanship. There is an opinion abroad that oratory is declining in our halls of legislation; but that is an error, the same as that other idle impression that we have reached a point where the foot-killer may be dispensed with. There are no Websters and Clays in Congress, of course, but their are orators who would have made men of that kind take their hats and walk out to avoid comparison, and to wonder what would come next.

We have already furnished copious extracts from the fervent and dazzling, not to bewildering, funeral oration pronounced by Mr. Williams, of Alabama in memory of the late Mr. Herndon, who, there can be no doubt, "should have died hereafter." There has probably never been another instance where a dead man was so thoroughly and circumstantially set forth, begining with his "eagle beaming eyes, gems of nature's royalty," and proceeding in turn to every detail of his person, every factor of his "grand assemblage of facial features and of parts," a being "enstamped with the richest and rarest profussion of nature's unbounded liberality, and sweetly inducing the conviction that none was ever more fashioned, favored, and finished after the divine creative image of his Maker." We have no idea that the deceased ever dreamed that he would be talked about like that after he was gone; and perhaps it was just as well that he didn't, as it would only have made it harder for him to leave a world that he must have loved very dearly.

While Mr. Williams is undoubtedly entitled to first mention among the complicated and overwhelming masters of expressions in Congress, he is pressed very closely by Mr. Warner, of Tennessee. Warner is not so profound as Williams, but his fancy is nimbler, and he has a wider range as a metaphor. He took occassion a few days ago to bring himself to bear upon the familiar and perennial question of the tariff, and we venture to say that never before was that issue presented in such a glittering and picturesque light. Mr. Warner is opposed to a tariff, and to the levying of duties and charges of almost every description, particularly those known as internal revenue taxes. It was that kind of interference with the rights of the people, he declares, that caused the Revolution, and "opened the flood-gates of the national heavens for seven long and weary years, and sprinkled blood over our noble land—at the end of which time the clouds passed away, and liberty was born, the lovely babe perched upon the nation's brow, dressed in swaddling-clothes, and child of the finest pedigree of the known world, save our Lord and Savior, its father's brave blood, its mother's hard toil." If there is another such an apostrophe as that in the English language, we do not know it; and yet there are people who think that the tariff is a dull and fatiguing topic.

Mr. Warner might have stopped with this, sure of his victory; but he is not that sort of an orator. And so, having perched the baby on the nation's brow, he proceeded to show that the United States Government, "with her giant arms and massive body, is raising the huge dagger of consolidation," and the "we must recede, or liberty, our noble son, like the dying swan that never utters a syllable till death's ruthful arrow has pierced his breast, will sing his farewell song as he passes into the arms of the angel of annihilation." There is clearly no answer to be made to such a statement of the case as that; and nobody has so far had the temerity to attempt it. Other phases of the subject were presented by Mr. Warner in an equally graphic and felicitous manner; but we have quoted sufficient of his points to demonstrate his general style, and to inform those who do not take The *Congressional Record* what a fund of richness they are denying themselves.

The efforts of Williams and Warner are again worth the price of a year's subscription; and they are by no means the only orators who make the present Congress exceptional. There are several others of similar quality whom we have not space to dwell upon. Hardly a day passes that some robust and pyrotechnical person does not cleave the atmosphere of the House or Senate with eloquence of this extraordinary kind.

The Oldest Mason.

Albany Journal.

Simon Knowles, of Meredith, Delaware county, claims to be the oldest Free Mason in New York State, if not in the Union. He joined Columbia Lodge in East Haddam, Conn., in October, 1807, at the age of 21. In 1818 he removed to Meredith, where he has lived ever since, never having been away from the village. He is now in his 99th year, and is active and sound, both physically and mentally. A shoe-maker by trade, he half-soled and heeled a pair of shoes for a great-great-grand-child a few days ago, doing the work quickly and well without using glasses. The old gentleman was married in 1802, at the age of 16, to a girl one year his junior. They lived together nearly eighty years, the wife dying at the age of 95. Mr. Knowlos served all through the war of 1812, and draws a pension of $8 a month. He works every day in his garden.

Eight Miles of Frogs.

San Jose (Cal.) Herald.

Tom Barry yesterday morning took a ride to Almaden, and when just past the Sycamore Grove Exchange he saw something that made his eyes open in wonderment, and for a long time could not credit his senses, for the road was perfectly lined with frogs, averaging the size of a large cherry. He supposed that they would last only for a little way, but for eight miles he saw nothing but frogs, and, to make sure that he was not dreaming, got out of his wagon, caught a whole box full and brought them to town to prove the credibility of his story. He says that there were millions upon millions of them, and where they all came from no one can tell.

—New York City receives about twenty-five thousand barrels of eggs per week.

Inundation Of The Nile.

Harper's Magizine.

I wish that my readers might enjoy what I have often enjoyed, the glorious view—which at the time of the inundation is peculiarly fascinating—from the summit of the mountains which bound the valley of the Nile on the eastern side. Let me try to lead you here, in fancy at least. It is an excursion which amply repays any one who undertakes it.

At other times of the year the valley of the Nile, seen from this height, resembles a green and blooming garden. Waving corn fields, deeply green clover meadows, high grown Indian corn and beans, sugar cane and cotton plantations cover every inch of cultivated ground, interspersed with groups of palm trees and groves of acacias, in the midst of which the villages nestle. Far away to the westward the hills of the Libyan desert frame the picture, and the Pyramids of Ghizeh stand out in bold prolific against the sky. If it so be that the sun is setting behind them at the time that your eye is resting on this picture, you will enjoy a symphony of color such as once seen is never forgotten. The blue-green tints of the valley meet and blend with the warm browns and ochres of the desert, and through almost purple tints these again are united with and attuned to the deep blue of the sky.

The grand simplicity of subject, combined with the—I might say classic—harmony of lines and the marvelous blending of colors which go to make up the Egyptian landscape, can not but fascinate every artist: and all who have once seen and studied it are drawn irresistibly again and again to the deeper study of these problems of art. At the moment that I selected for introducing this picture to my readers the waters of the Nile, which at other times, hemmed in by the high shores, only resemble a silver ribbon winding in and out among the green fields, and glancing here and there as the sunlight falls upon it—these waters cover all, and the vast plain resembles and extensive lake. The villages, built on more elevated ground, and protected by high dikes, peep out of the vast expanse of water like inkstands in the sea. The plains, whose bluish-green feathery crowns are already burdened with heavy tassels of dates, red or brown or yellow, are more than half-way up their graceful stems in water. Numberless boats and small craft, with their picturesque sateen sails, looking like sea gulls on the wing, skim the water, speeding before the north wind, which at this season blows steadily and strongly, and sends them southward heavily laden with produce of the north, whence they return with cargoes of ivory, ostrich feathers, gum-arabic, and, alas! only too often with slaves.

This is a time at which, in Cairo, a most curious and interesting fete is celebrated, one which has its origin in a heathen custom, namely, the so-called "breaking through of the Nile," and takes place when the Nile has reached a certain height.

A canal traverses Cairo from east to west. The canal is closed, when the inundation begins, at its junction with the Nile, by a solid and well-made dike, and remains thus closed until the water-mark shall have reached a desired point. The rupture of this dike, which admits the water into the city, is accompanied by festivities in which all classes of the population share.

Already in the afternoon, and still more in the evening, of the day preceding the feast, numbers of dahabeeyahs—a kind of vessel found only on the Nile, and best described as a floating dwelling combining great comfort with ship-like compactness and regard for space—are seen on the Nile approaching the spot where the canal and river meet, and there drop their anchors, while others continue tacking about. Some of these dahabeeyahs are the private property of residents of Cairo, who with their families spend this night on board; others are chartered for the occasion by a party who disperse, as best suits their taste, for the night—some retiring to the divans in the airy saloons, others preferring the deck, with its bright spectacle of illumination on all sides, for in the rigging of all these boats the colored lamps are twinkling and reflecting their light in the water.

One large boat, among the many, catches the eye in particular. It is called "Akabeh" by the Arabs—painted in all the colors of the rainbow, its masts and rigging decked with countless lamps and flags. This boat leaves the harbor of Boolak, near Cairo, in the afternoon (and by paying a small sum one can obtain a passage), and sails on till it reaches the Isle of Rhodda, quite near to which is the spot at which the festivities of that night are to take place. Here it is made fast by heavy cables, and prepares to remain unt l the morrow.

On the deck is an awning under which the passengers can while away, with friendly cigarette and cooling sherbet the intervening hours. In the imagination of the Egyptians of to-day this boat represents the splendid vessel on which, in ancient times, the Pride of the Nile ("Arusen"), a maiden, beautiful, and of noble birth, was brought annually as a sacrifice to the god, and who, clothed in bridal array, was doomed to a watery grave. * * *

All Orientals, and the Egyptian is no exception to the rule, like to have their merry-makings at night. And they are right. The intense heat of the day is over; the sun, with its rays and its glare, no longer wearies eyes and nerves; the glorious star-lit sky—such a sky as only the far East can show—spreads its canopy over all; a soft, balmy breeze comes gently through the valley and blows up the stream, bringing the cool but never cold atmosphere of the Mediterranean, whose moisture and briny odors have been modified by the long journey it had to make before reaching the inland capital. This is the time, above all others, at which the river and its shores become the scene of animated life. At regular intervals the cannon boom, for without smell of powder, much shouting and screaming, and oft-repeated fireworks, the proper holiday mood is wanting. Legions of small boats, like midgets, glancing over the water, move about in all directions as connecting links between the large, firmly anchored vessels.

From some one point the sound of the "tarabooks" is heard, and to its monotonous rythmic accompaniment female singers warble their slow and melancholy ditties, ending generally in a chromatic scale. From another side the sound of castinets meets our ears—a sure sign that here the oft-mentioned and far-famed, though certainly not admirable, dancing-girls are in full performance. Along the shore hundreds of tents are erected, lighted according to their rank and degree in the social scale, either by most primitive little oil lamps, or, progressing upward, most luxurious colored lanterns. In these booths refreshments of all kinds, but mostly coffee and sherbet, are to be had; and here one finds the sedate and well-to-do paterfamilies and the youthful though independent donkey driver side by side smoking. The entertainment consists in listening to ballad singers, comic actors, reciters of Koran verses and romances; and all these actors manage to collect an ample public around them, and one which is very simple in tastes and most grateful and appreciative for whatever is offered it. Add to all this constant, endless screaming and shouting, a maze of human forms ever rolling and unrolling itself, and my readers will be able to form some idea of what are the elements that go to compose every Arab festivity, and so also this "Feast of the Nile."

Shortly after midnight the Arabs begin their work at the dike. To the accompaniment of a monotonous strain they dig away valiantly, so that at daybreak only a thin wall of earth, remain as partition between them and the mighty flood beyond. At rise of sun the Khedive (Viceroy), surrounded by the grandees of his realm, all in uniforms and gold lace, arrives; he takes his stand in a tent prepared for him, and which commands the best possible view of all that goes on. A Secretary takes a place at his side, and is prepared to take notes on this most important act, testifying that the Nile has reached the necessary height for bursting the dike, and for the land-tax on all the fellah to begin its work. The document is sent to Constantinople the moment the festivities are at an end.

Rice Culture In The South.

Harpers Weekly.

A pound of the best rice in the New York market costs eight cents. It has a pearly, transparent glint, a beautiful polish and lustre; yet very few who use this very attractive article of food are aware of the labor and expense required to place it before them in this perfect state. As an article of food it is second alone to wheat, and is the grand natural cereal upon which at least four hundred millions, or nearly one-third of mankind, mainly subsist.

Almost incalculable areas of it are raised in India and China, the various varieties seeming endless. On the island of Ceylon alone no less than 161 varities are known; but the finest is raised in our own States of North and South Carolina and Georgia, where those vast expanses of low-lying swampy lands and heavy vegetable soils render its cultivation comparatively easy and profitable.

The great fields lying low along the river-banks are divided into sections, and trunks and canals carry the water to each one separately by smaller ditches, by which they are flooded whenever desired. The rice is frequently sown on the water-covered soil, where it quickly germinates, covering the fields with a beautifully delicate green grassy carpet, which turns a lighter and yellower tinge as it ripens.

As most of the fields have been reclaimed from the rivers near which they lie, they are continually subject to sudden overflows, the utmost vigilance being required to guard against this enemy, which often in one night ruins the fruits of months of labor. Some of the larger plantations cover two and three thousand acres, and employ several hundred men, women, and children.

From 1720 to 1740 the export of rice from the Carolinas was 143,986 tons. For 1740 alone 90,000 barrels were shipped At the outbreak of the war one million acres, were under cultivation in South Carolina alone. In 1860 the production was 187,162,032 pounds, but the war almost ruined this immense industry and in 1870 the combined production of the two Carolinas, Louisiana, and Georgia was reduced to 59,000,000 pounds. A steady improvement, however, toward the old-time prosperity is now seen by comparing the productions of later years with that of 1866, when it had dwindled to the comparatively insignificant amount of 11,002,080 pounds.

Very few besides Chinese and negroes can be kept on the plantations as workers, and owing to the intensely trying nature of the climate in Summer, with its accompanying marsh fevers, the question of labor supply is a very serious one to the planters; but while the old-fashioned method of cutting, sowing, and transporting still prevail on most plantations, numerous labor-saving machines and improvements have been introduced with marked success in the various milling processes.

Many large mills are to be seen on the low shores of the Mississippi, in the vicinity of New Orleans, but those at Charleston and Savannah are perhaps the largest and most complete in their appointments. Many are lofty buildings of brick or iron, their many stories crowded with the latest improved machinery for hulling, dusting, cleaning, burnishing, and packing the grain ready for shipment. Situated at the water's edge, their tall chimneys pouring forth heavy columns of smoke, their derricks lifting the rough grain from the decks of the river craft, while the elevators, with long-armed spouts, dip deep into and fill the great holds of sea-going steamers with milled grain, the clouds of drifting chaff dust, the whir of machinery, and hurrying of boats and tugs, all present a most charming picture, and unmistakably indicate the rapid revival of one of the most valuable of our Southern industries.

The Match Trade.

Philadelphia Press.

The domestic match trade is suffering from the effects of foreign competition. When the internal tax on matches was removed the manufacturers were left without adequate protection. This seems like a singular statement, but it is nevertheless true, the internal revenue tax serving to discourage importations, because it compelled importers to invest large sums of money for stamps before they could place their wares in the market. The result was an increase of importation from $2,234 worth in 1882 to upward of $500,000 in 1883. A further result is the closing for an indefinite period of the largest Philadelphia match factory, and scores of idle mechanics. An appeal to Congress for higher duties will probably be ineffectual, as the match manufacturers invited popular disapproval by their course in keeping prices exorbitantly high when they had command of the trade.

—Dozens of yawning and blinking young ladies make their appearance at 6 a. m. at West Point every morning to witness the always pretty and effective military ceremony of guard mount.

—It is said that the famous Flat Rock spring at Saratoga, which disappeared about twenty-five years ago, has again begun to bubble.